

INEBRIETY,

A POEM,

In THREE PARTS.

If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
Is your Complaint; if when the more you have,
The more you want; why not with equal Ease
Confess as well the Folly, as Disease?
The Heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the smart but not the Vice."

POPE.—



I P S W I C H :

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*Facsimile of the titlepage of the
Turnbull Library copy*



AB— pray let not this be seen at L+22/71
There is very little of it that I'm not
heartily ashamed of



The P R E F A C E.

Smell

PResumption or Meanness, are but too often the only articles to be discovered in a Preface. Whilst one author haughtily affects to despise the publick attention, another timidly courts it. I would no more beg for, than disdain applause, and therefore should advance nothing in Favor of the following little *Poem*, did it not appear a Cruelty and disregard to send a first Production naked in, to the **WORLD**.

The **WORLD**!—how pompous, and yet how trifling the sound. Every **MAN**, Gentle Reader, has a **WORLD** of his own, & whether it consists of half a score, or half a thousand Friends, 'tis his, and he loves to boast of it. Into my **WORLD** therefore, I commit this, my Muse's earliest labor, nothing doubting the Clemency of the Climate, nor fearing the Partiality of the censorious.

Something by way of *Apology* for this trifle, is perhaps necessary;

ry; especially for those parts, wherein I have taken such great Liberties with Mr. POPE; that Gentleman, secure in immortal Fame, would forgive me; forgive me too my friendly Critic, I promise thee, thou wilt find the Extracts from that Swan of Thames, the best Parts of the Performance; Few, I dare venture to affirm, will pay me so great a Compliment, as to think I have injured Mr. POPE; Fewer I hope will think I endeavoured to do it, and Fewest of all will think any thing about it.

The LADIES will doubtless favor my Attempt; for them indeed it was principally composed; I have endeavored to demonstrate that it is their own Faults, if they are not deemed as good MEN, as half the masculine World; that a personal Difference of Sex, need not make a real Difference; and that a tender Languishment, a refin'd Delicacy, and a particular attention to shine in Dress, will render the *Beau-Animal* infinitely more feminine, than the generality of LADIES, whatever arcane Tokens of *Manhood* the said *Animal* may be indued with; and yet ye FAIR! these creatures pass even in your catalogue for MEN; which I'm afraid is a Demonstration that the real MAN is very scarce.

Some

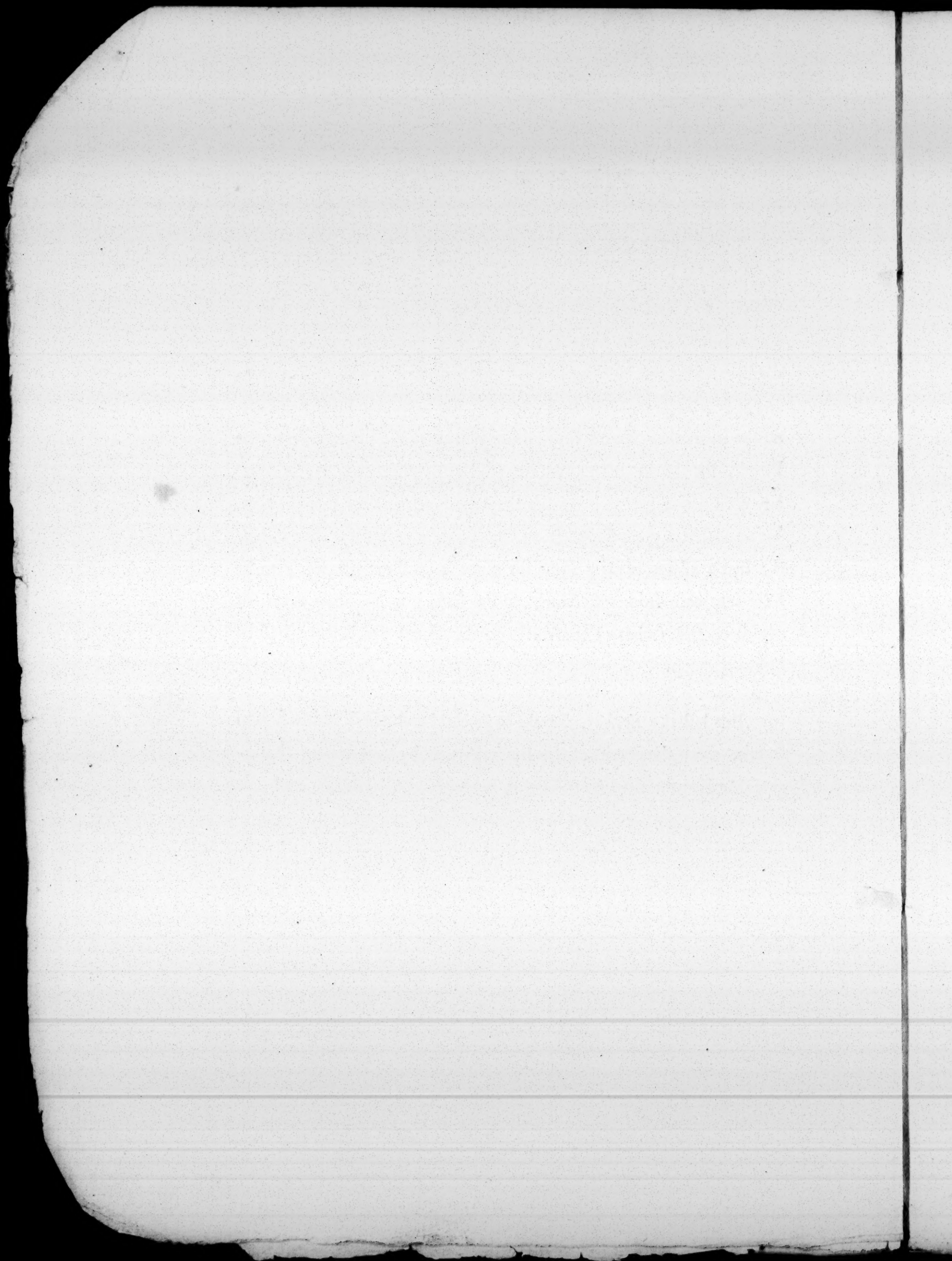


P R E F A C E.

iii

Some grave *Head* or *other* may possibly tell me, that Vice is to be lash'd, not indulg'd; that true *Poetry* forbids, not encourages Folly; and such other wise and weighty Sentences, picked from POPE and HORACE, as he shall think most appertaining to his own dignity. But this my good Reader is a trifle; *People* now a Days are not to be preach'd into Reflection, or they pay *Parsons* not *Poets* for it, if they were; they listen indeed to a Discourse from the Pulpit, for MEN are too wise to give away their Money, without any consideration; and though they don't mind what is said there, 'tis doubtless a great Satisfaction, to think they might if they choose it; but a MAN reads a *Poem* for quite a different purpose; to be lul'd into ease from reflection, to be lul'd into an inclination for pleasure, and (where I confess it comes nearer the Sermon) to be lul'd—*asleep*.

But lest the *Apology*, should have the latter effect in itself, and so take away the merit of the Performance by forestalling that agreeable Event: I without further ceremony bid thee Adieu!



I N E B R I E T Y.

PART THE FIRST.



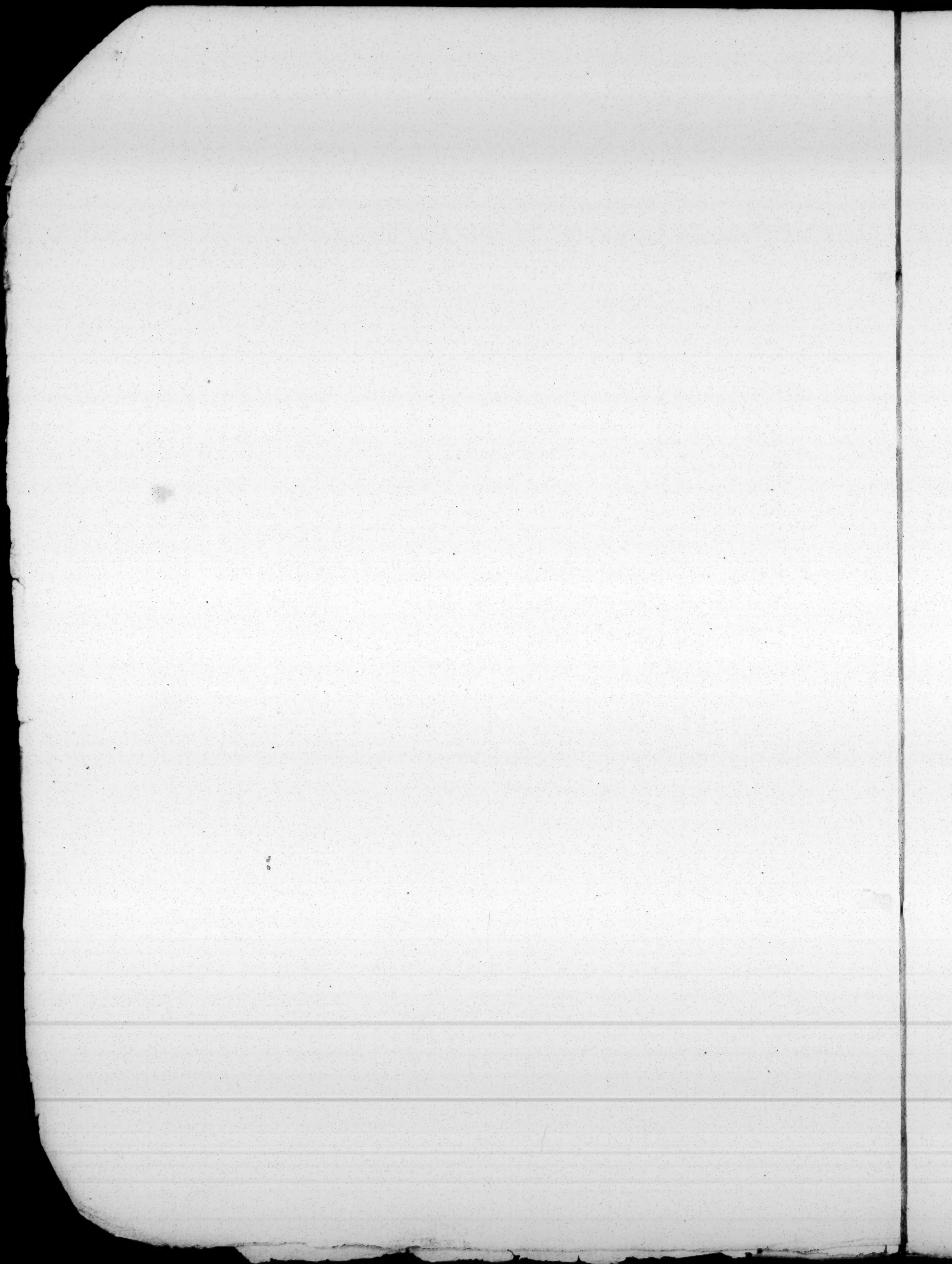
THE mighty Spirit and its power which stains,
The bloodless cheek, and vivifies the brains;
I sing. Say ye its fiery Vot'ries true,
The jovial Curate, and the shrill-tongu'd Shrew;
Ye, in the floods of limpid poison nurst,
Where Bowl the second, charms like Bowl the first;
Say, how and why, the sparkling ill is shed,
The Heart which hardens, and which rules the Head.

When

" The mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings,
" The smithfield Muses, to the ear of Kings,
" I sing. Say ye her instruments, the great,
" Call'd to this Work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;
" You by whose care, invain decry'd, and curst,
" Still Dunc the second, reigns like Dunc the first;
" Say, how the Goddess bade Britania sleep,
" And pour'd her spirit o'er the land, and deep.

Pope's Dunciad.—

B



I N E B R I E T Y.

PART THE FIRST.



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Pope's Dunciad.—

B

When Winter stern, his gloomy front uprears,
A fable void, the barren earth appears ;
The meads no more their former verdure boast,
Fast bound their streams, and all their Beauty lost ;
The herds, the flocks, their icy garments mourn,
And wildly murmur, for the Spring's return ;
The fallen branches from the sapless tree,
With glittering fragments, strow the glassy way ;
From snow top'd Hills, the whirlwinds keenly blow,
Howl through the Woods, and pierce the vales below ;
Through the sharp air, a flaky torrent flies,
Mocks the slow light, and hides the gloomy skies ;
The fleecy clouds, their chilly bosoms bare,
And shed their substance, on the floating air ;
The floating air, their downy substance glides,
Through springing Waters, and prevents their tides ;
Seizes the rolling Waves, and as a God,
Charms their swift race, and stops the refl'ent flood ;
The opening valves, which fill the venal road,
Then scarcely urge along the sanguine flood ;

The

The labouring Pulse, a slower motion rules,
The Tendons stiffen, and the Spirit cools ;
Each asks the aid, of nature sister Art,
To cheer the senses, and to warm the Heart.
The gentle fair, on nervous tea relies,
Whilst gay good-nature sparkles in her eyes ;
An inoffensive Scandal fluttering round,
Too rough to tickle, and too light to wound ;
Champain the Courtier drinks, the spleen to chase,
The Colonel burgundy, and port his Grace ;
Turtle and 'rrack, the city rulers charm,
Ale and content, the labouring peasants warm :
O'er the dull embers, happy Colin sits,
Colin the prince of joke, and rural wits ;
Whilst the wind whistles, through the hollow panes,
He drinks, nor of the rude assault complains ;
And tells the Tale, from fire to son retold,
Of spirits vanishing near hidden gold ;
Of moon-clad Imps, that tremble by the dew
Who skim the air, or glide o'er waters blue.

The

The throng invifible, that doubtlefs float,
By mould'ring Tombs, and o'er the ftagnant moat;
Fays dimly glancing, on the ruffet plain,
And all the dreadful nothing, of the Green.
And why not thefe? Lefs fictious is the tale,
Inspir'd by Hel'con's ftreams, than muddy ale?
Peace be to fuch, the happieft and the beft,
Who with the forms of fancy, urge their jeft;
Who wage no war, with an Avenger's Rod,
Nor in the pride of reafon curfe their God.

When in the vaulted arch Lucina gleams,
And gaily dances, o'er the azure ftreams;
When in the wide cerulean fpace on high,
The vivid ftars fhoot luftre, through the fky;
On filent Ether, when a trembling found,
Reverberates, and wildly floats around,
Breaking through tracklefs fpace, upon the ear,
Conclude the Bachanalian Ruftic near;
O'er Hills and vales, the jovial Savage reels,
Fire in his head and Frenzy at his heels;

From

From paths direct the bending Hero swerves,
 And shapes his way in ill-proportion'd curves ;
 Now safe arriv'd, his sleeping Rib he calls,
 And madly thunders, on the muddy walls ;
 The well-known founds, an equal fury move,
 For rage meets rage, as love enkindles love ;
 The buxom Quean from bed of flocks descends,
 With vengeful ire, a civil war portends, }
 An oaken plant the Hero's breast defends ;
 Invain the 'waken'd infant's accents shrill,
 The humble regions of the cottage fill ;
 Invain the Cricket chirps the mansion through,
 'Tis war, and Blood, and Battle must ensue.
 As when on humble stage, him Satan hight !
 Defies the brazen Hero to the fight ;
 From twanging strokes, what dire misfortunes rise,
 What fate to maple arms, and glassen eyes ;
 Here lies a leg of elm, and there a stroke
 From ashen neck has whirl'd a Head of oak.
 So drops from either power, with vengeance big,
 A remnant night-cap, and an old cut wig ;

Titles unmusical, retorted round,
On either ear with leaden vengeance found ;
'Till equal Valour, equal Wounds create,
And drowsy peace, concludes the fell debate ;
Sleep in her woolen mantle, wraps the pair,
And sheds her poppies, on the ambient air ;
Intoxication flies, as fury fled,
On rocky pinions quits the aching head ;
Returning Reason cools the fiery blood,
And drives from memory's seat, the rosy God.
Yet still he holds o'er some his madd'ning rule,
Still sways his Sceptre, and still knows his Fool ;
Witness, the livid lip, and fiery front,
With many a smarting trophy plac'd upon't ;
The hollow Eye, which plays in misty springs,
And the hoarse Voice, which rough and broken rings,
These are his triumphs, and o'er these he reigns,
The blinking Deity, of reeling brains.

See Inebriety ! her wand she waves,
And lo ! her pale, and lo ! her purple slaves ;

Sots

INEBRIETY.

9

Sots in embroidery, and fots in crape,
Of every order, station, rank, and shape;
The King, who nods upon his rattle-throne,
The staggering Peer, to midnight revel prone;
The flow-tongu'd Bishop, and the Deacon fly,
The humble Pensioner, and Gownsmen dry;
The proud, the mean, the selfish, and the great,
Swell the dull throng, and stagger into state.

Lo ! proud Flaminius at the splendid board,
The easy chaplain of an atheist Lord;
Quaffs the bright juice, with all the gust of sense,
And clouds his brain in torpid elegance;
In china vases, see ! the sparkling ill,
From gay Decanters, view the rosy rill;
The neat-carv'd pipes in silver settle laid,
The screw by mathematic cunning made;
The whole a pompous and enticing scene,
And grandly glaring, for the surplic'd Swain;
Oh ! happy Priest whose God like Egypt's lies,
At once, the Deity, and sacrifice.

But

But is Flaminius then the man alone,
 To whom the Joys of swimming brains are known?
 Lo! the poor Toper whose untutor'd sense,
 Sees bliss in ale, and can with wine dispense;
 Whose head proud fancy never taught to steer,
 Beyond the muddy extacies of Beer;
 But simple nature can her longing quench,
 Behind the fettle's curve, or humbler bench;
 Some kitchen fire diffusing warmth around,
 The semi-globe by Hieroglyphics crown'd;
 Where canvas purse displays the brass enroll'd,
 Nor Waiters rave, nor Landlords thirst for gold;

Ale

Line 2d. " Lo the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind,
 " Sees God in Clouds, and hears him in the wind;
 " Whose Soul proud science, never taught to stray;
 " Far as the solar walk, or milky way,
 " Yet simple nature, to his hope has given,
 " Behind the cloud top't hill an humbler Heaven;
 " Some safer world, in depth of woods embrac'd,
 " Some happier island, in a watry waste:
 " Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 " Nor friends torment, nor christians thirst for Gold;

To

Ale and content, his fancy's bounds confine,
 He asks no limpid Punch, no rosy Wine ;
 But fees admitted to an equal share,
 Each faithful swain, the heady potion bear ;
 Go wiser thou ! and in thy scale of taste,
 Weigh gout and gravel, against ale and rest.
 Call vulgar palates, what thou judgest so,
 Say beer is heavy, windy, cold and slow ;
 Laugh at poor lots, with insolent pretence
 Yet cry when tortur'd, where is Providence ?

D

If

" To live, contents his natural desire,
 " He asks no Seraph's wing, no Angel's fire,
 " But thinks admitted to that equal Sky,
 " His faithful Dog, shall bear him company :
 " Go wiser thou ! and in thy scale of sense,
 " Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
 " Call imperfection, what thou fancy'st such,
 " Say here he gives too little, here too much,
 " Destroy all creatures, for thy sport and gust,
 " Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust ;

If

If thou alone art head and heel not clear,
Alone made steady here, untumour'd there;
Snatch from the Board, the bottle and the bowl,
Curse the keen pain, and be a mad proud Fool.

" If man alone, engross not Heavens high care,

" Alone made perfect here, immortal there;

" Snatch from his hand, the balance and the rod,

" Rejudge his Justice, and be God of God.

Pope's Essay on Man. —

END OF PART THE FIRST.



I N E B R I E T Y.

PART THE SECOND.

IN various forms the mad'ning Spirit moves,
This drinks and fights, another drinks and loves.

A bastard Zeal, of different kinds it flows,
And now with rage, and now Religion glows ;
The frantic Soul, bright reason's path defies
Now creeps on Earth, now triumphs in the Skies,
Swims in the seas of error and explores,
Through midnight mists, the fluctuating Shores ;
From wave to wave, in rocky Channel glides,
And sinks in woe, or on presumption slides ;
In Pride exalted, or by Shame deprest,
An Angel-Devil, or a human-Beast.
Without a pilot, who attempts to steer,
Has small discretion or has little care
That pilot Reason, in the erring Soul,
Is lost, is blinded in the steaming Bowl,

Charm'd

Charm'd by its power, we cast our guide away,
And at the mercy of conjecture lay ;
Discretion dies with reason, Revel wakes !
And o'er the head, his fiery banners shakes.
With him come frenzy, folly and excess,
Blink-ey'd conceit and shallow emptiness,
At Folly's beck, a train of Vices glide
Murder in madness cloak'd, in choler, Pride
Above, Impiety with curses bound,
Lours at the skies, and whirls Damnation round.

Some rage in all the strength of folly mad,
Some love stupidity, in silence clad,
Are never quarrelsome, are never gay,
But sleep and groan and drink the Night away ;
Old Torpio nods, and as the laugh goes round,
Grunts through the nasal Duct, and joins the sound ;
Then sleeps again, and as the liquors pass,
Wakes at the friendly Jog, and takes his Glass ;
Alike to him who stands, or reels, or moves,
The elbow chair, good wine and Sleep he loves ;

Nor

INEBRIETY.

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Nor cares of state disturb his easy head,
 By grosser fumes, and calmer follies fed;
 Nor thoughts, of when, or where, or how to come,
 The Canvass general, or the general Doom;
 Extremes ne'er reach'd one passion of his Soul,
 A villain tame, and an unmettled fool,
 To half his Vices he has but pretence,
 For they usurp the place of common sense;
 To half his little Merits, has no claim
 But very Indolence has rais'd his name,
 Happy in this, that under Satan's sway,
 His passions humble, but will not obey,

The Vicar at the table's front presides,
 Whose presence a monastic life derides,
 The reverend Wig, in sideway order plac'd
 The reverend Band, by rubric stains disgrac'd
 The leering Eye, in wayward circles roll'd
 Mark him the Pastor, of a jovial Fold,

E

Whose

Whose various texts, excite a loud applause,
Favouring the Bottle, and the good old Cause,
See! the dull smile, which fearfully appears,
When gross Indecency, her front uprears,
The joy conceal'd, the fiercer burns within,
As masks afford the keenest guft to Sin ;
Imagination helps the reverend Sire,
And spreads the fails, of fub-divine defire ;
But when the gay immoral joke goes round,
When Shame, and all her blushing train are drown'd,
Rather than hear his God blasphem'd he takes,
The laft lov'd Glafs, and then the board forfakes,
Not that Religion, prompts the fober thought,
But flavish Custom, has the practice taught,
Besides this zealous fon of warm devotion,
Has a true levite Bias, for promotion ;
Vicars muft with difcretion go aftray,
Whilst Bifhops may be d---n'd the neareft way ;
So puny robbers individuals kill,
When hector-Heroes, murder as they will.

Good

Good honest Curio, elbows the devine,
And strives, a social sinner how to shine;
The dull quaint tale is his, the lengthen'd tale,
That Wilton-Farmers, give you with their ale;
How midnight Ghosts, o'er vaults terrific pass,
Dance o'er the Grave, and slide along the grass,
How Maids forsaken, haunt the lonely wood,
And tie the Noose, or try the willow flood,
How rural Heroes, overcame the giants,
And through the ramshorn trumpet blew defiance,
Or how pale Cicely within the wood,
Call'd Satan forth and bargain'd with her blood,
These honest Curio are thine, and these,
Are the dull Treasures, of a brain at peace.
No wit intoxicates, thy gentle skull,
Of heavy, native, unwrought folly full;
Bowl upon Bowl, invain exert their force
The breathing Spirit, takes a downward course
Or vainly soaring, upwards to the head,
Meets an impenetrable tence of lead.

Haft

Hast thou Oh Reader ! search'd o'er gentle Gay,
Where various animals, their powers display ;
In one strange Group, a chattering race are hurl'd
Led by the Monkey who had seen the world
He, it is said, from woodland shepherds stole,
And went to Court, to greet each fellow fool.
Like him Fabricio, steals from guardian's side,
Swims not in pleasures stream, but sips the tide,
He hates the Bottle, yet but thinks it right
To boast next day, the honours of the night,
None like your Coward can describe a fight ;
See him as down the sparkling potion goes,
Labor to grin away, the horrid dose ;
In joy-feign'd gaze, his misty eye-balls float
Th' uncivil Spirit gurgling at his throat ;
So looks dim Titan through a wintry scene,
And faintly cheers the woe foreboding swain,
But now, Alas ! the hour, th'increasing flood,
Rolls round and round, and cannot be withstood ;
Thrice he essays to stop the ruby flow
To stem its Force, and keep it still below ;

}

Invain

In vain his Art, it comes ! at distant gaze
Ye stancher Sots and be not near the place,
As when a flood from Offa's pendant brow
Rolls rapid, to its fellow streams below
It moves tempest'ous, down the Mountain's fides
O'er lesser hills and vales, like light'ning glides
And o'er their beauties fall'n triumphant rides,
Each verdant spot, and sunny bank defaces,
And forms a minor Ocean at its basis ;
So from his rueful lips Fabricio pours,
With melancholy Force, the tinctur'd showers,
O'er the embroider'd vest they take their way,
And in the grave, its tinsel honours lay,
No Nymph was there, to hold the helpless face
Or save from ruin's spoil, the luckless lace,
No guardian Fair, to turn the head aside
And to securer paths the torrent glide,
From filk to filk it drove its wayward Course,
And on the diamond buckle spent its Force.

F

Ah !

Ah! gentle Fop! what luckless fate was thine
 To sin through fashion, and in woe to shine,
 But all our Numbers, why should rascals claim?
 Rise honest Muse, and sing a nobler name.
 Pleas'd in his Eye, good humour always smiles,
 And Mirth unbought with strife the hour beguiles,
 Who smooth'd the frown, on yonder surly brow?
 From the dry-Joke who bade gay Laughter flow?
 Not of affected, empty rapture full,
 Nor in proud Strain magnificently dull,
 But gay and easy, giving without Art,
 Joy to each sense, and Solace to the heart.

Thrice

Line 3d. " But all our praises, why should Lords engross?
 " Rise honest Muse and sing the Man of Ross.
 " Pleas'd Vaga echo's, through her winding bounds,
 " And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds;
 " Who hung with woods, yon mountain's sultry brow?
 " From the dry Rock, who bade the waters flow?
 " Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 " Nor in proud falls, magnificently lost.
 " But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
 " Health to the Sick, and solace to the Swain.

POPE.—

Thrice happy Damon, able to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do.
No cares thy Head, no crimes thy Heart torment,
At home thou'rt happy, and abroad content ;
Pleas'd with thyself, and therefore form'd to please,
With Moderation free, and gay with Ease,
Wise in a medium, just to an extreme,
" The soul of Humour, and the life of Whim "
Plac'd from thy Sphere, amid the sons of shame,
Proud of thy Jest, but prouder of thy Name.

Pernicious streams, from healthy fountains rise,
And Wit abus'd, degenerates into vice ;
Timon long practic'd in the School of art,
Has lost each finer feeling of the Heart,
Triumphs o'er shame, and with delusive whiles,
Laughs at the Idiot, he himself beguiles.
So matrons past the awe of Censures tongue,
Deride the blushes of the fair and young.

Few with more Fire, on every subject spoke,
But chief he lov'd, the gay immoral joke ;
The Words most sacred, stole from holy writ,
He gave a newer form, and call'd them Wit ;
Could twist a Sentence, into various meaning,
And save himself, in dubious explaining,
Could use a manner, long taught art affords,
And hint Impiety, in holy words.
Vice never had a more sincere ally,
So bold no Sinner, yet no Saint so fly ;
Sophist and Cynic, mystically cool,
And still a very Sceptic, at the foul,
Learn'd but not wise, and without Virtue brave,
A gay, deluding, philosophic Knave ;
When Bacchus' joys his airy fancy fire,
They stir a new, but still a false desire ;
The place of malice, ridicule then holds,
And woe to teachers, ministers and scolds.
And to the comfort, of each untaught Fool,
Horace in English vindicates the Bowl.

“ The

" The man (says Timon) who is drunk is blest,
 " No fears disturb, no cares destroy his rest ;
 " In thoughtless joy, he reels away his life,
 " Nor dreads that worst of ills ; a noisy wife ;
 " Of late I sat within the jangling bar,
 " And heard my Rib's hoarse thunder from afar,
 " Careless I spoke, and when she found me drunk,
 " She breath'd one Curse, and then away she flunk,
 " Oh ! place me Jove, where none but women come
 " And thunders worse than thine afflict the room,
 " Where one eternal Nothing flutters round,
 " And senseless titt'ring, sense of mirth confound,
 " Or lead me bound to Garret, babel-high,
 " Where frantic Poet rolls his crazy eye ;
 " Tiring the Ear, with oft repeated chimes,
 " And smiling at the never ending rhimes ;

G

" E'en

" Integer vitæ, scelerisque puris

" Non eget &c. &c.

HORACE.

“ E’en here or there, I’ll be as blest as Jove,
“ Give me tobacco, and the wine I love. ”
Applause from Hands the dying accents break,
Of stagg’ring fots, who vainly try to speak ;
From Milo him who hangs upon each word,
And in loud praises splits the tortur’d board,
Collects each sentence, ere it’s better known,
And makes the mutilated joke his own,
At weekly club to flourish, where he rules,
The glorious President, of grosser fools.

But cease my Muse, of those or these enough,
The fools who listen, and the knaves who scoff ;
The jest profane, that mocks th’ offended God,
Defies his power, and fits at nought his rod,
The empty Laugh, discretion’s vainest foe,
From fool to fool re-echo’d to and fro
The fly Indecency, that slowly springs
From barren wit, and halts on trembling wings,

Enough

Enough of these, and all the charms of Wine,
Be sober joys, and social evenings mine.
Where peace and Reason, unfoil'd mirth improve
The powers of friendship and the joys of love,
Where thought meets thought ere Words its form array,
And all is sacred, elegant, and gay ;
Such pleasure leaves no Sorrow on the mind,
Too great to fall, to sicken too refine,
Too soft for Noise, and too sublime for art,
The social solace of the feeling Heart,
For sloth too rapid, and for wit too high,
'Tis Virtue's Pleasure, and can never die.

END OF PART THE SECOND.



I N E B R I E T Y.

PART THE THIRD.

NOW soar my Muse ! and leave the meaner crew,
To aim at bliss, and vainly bliss pursue ;
Let us (since Man, no privilege can claim,
Than a contended, half superior name ;)
Expatriate o'er the raptures of the Fair,
Vot'ries to stolen joys, but yet sincere ;
In secret Haunts, where never day-light gleams,
By bottles, tempting with forbidden streams,

Together

" Awake my St. John, leave all meaner things
" To low ambition, and the pride of Kings ;
" Let us (since Life can little more supply
" Than just to look about us, and to die.)
" Expatriate free, o'er all this scene of Man,
" A mighty maze, but not without a plan
" A Wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot
" Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit,

Together

INEBRIETY.

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Together let us search ; above, below,
 Try what the Closets, what the Cellars show ;
 The latent vault with piercing view explore,
 Of her who hides, the all reviving store.
 Eye Beauty's walks, when round the welkin rolls,
 And catch the stumbling Charmer as she falls ;
 Laugh where we must, but pity where we can,
 And vindicate the sweet soft souls to Man.

Pardon ye Fair, the Poet and his Muse
 And what ye can't approve, at least excuse,

H

Far

" Together let us beat this ample field,
 " Try what the open, what the covert yield
 " The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore,
 " Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar
 " Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies
 " And catch the Manners, living as they rise ;
 " Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
 " But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

Pope's Essay on Man.—

Far be from him, the iron lash of Wit,
The jokes of Humour, and the sneers that hit,
He speaks of Freedom, and he speaks to you,
His Verse is simple, but his Subject new,
And novelty ye Fair, beyond a doubt,
Is philosophic truth, the World throughout.

Hard is the lot of Woman, so have sung,
The pensive old, and the presuming young ;
Born without privilege, in bondage bred,
Slave from the Cradle, to the marriage Bed,
Slave from the hour hymeneal, to the grave
In age, in youth, in infancy a Slave ;
Happy the Bard, who bold in pride of song
Shall free the chain, by Custom bound so long,
And show the Fair, to mean tradition prone,
Though Virtue may have sex, yet Vice has none.
If Man is licenc'd to confuse his mind,
Say why should female Frailty be confin'd ?

Is't

Is't right that she who dearly bought the fruit
Of all our wayward appetites the root,
Who first made Man a fool and then a brute ;
Who fair in spells, of tender kind can flay,
Like Israel's Judge, her thousands in a day ;
Nay farther, has a far superior Pow'r,
And almost thousands in a day can cure ;
She the bright cause of fury in Man's breast ;
And brighter cause who bids that fury rest ;
Who raises peace or war at her command,
And bids a sword destroy a tipsy Land ;
Say is it right that she who kills and saves,
Makes wise Men mad, and takes the veil from Knaves ;
Should want the pow'r, the magic which alone,
Can Conquests boast more fatal than her own ?
For Man alone did earth produce her fruit ?
The sole, as well as the superior brute ;
Does he alone the glorious licence claim,
To put the human off, and loose his Name ?
Woman in Knowledge, was the earlier curst,
And tasted of forbidden Fruit, the first ;

Prior

Prior to Man, the law she disobey'd,
And shall she want the Freedom she convey'd ?
By her first Theft, each fiery ill we feel,
And yet compel the gen'rous Fair to steal ;
First made by her, for soaring actions fit,
Woman ! the spring of super-human wit ;
Shall we from her, each dear bought bliss withhold
As Spaniards use the Indians for their Gold ?
Ungrateful Man ! in pride so high to aim,
As to be sole inheritor of shame !

And you ye Fair ! why flumber on disdain,
Forbear to vindicate, yet can't refrain ?
Why should Papilla, seek the vaulted hoard,
And but in secret, ape her honest Lord ?
Why should'st thou Celia to thy stores repair,
And sip, the generous Spirit in such fear ?
Reform the Error, and revoke your plan,
And as ye dare to imitate, be——Man.

First

First know yourselves, and frame your passions all,
 In proper order, how to rise and fall ;
 Woman's a Being, dubiously great,
 Never contented with a passive state ;
 With too much Knowledge, to give Man the sway,
 With too much Pride, his humours to obey ;
 She hangs in doubt ; to humble or to brave,
 In doubt to be a Mistress or a Slave ;
 In doubt herself, or Husband to controul,
 Born to be made, a tyrant or a fool ;

I

In

" Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
 " The proper study of Mankind is Man.
 " Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
 " A Being darkly wise, and rudely great ;
 " With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
 " With too much weakness, for the Stoic's pride ;
 " He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest ;
 " In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast ;
 " In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer ;
 " Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ;

Alike

In one extreme ; her Power is always such,
 Either to shew too little, or too much ;
 Bred up in Passions, by their sway abus'd,
 The weaker for the stronger still refus'd ;
 Created oft' to rise, and oft' to fall,
 Changing in all things, yet alike in all ;
 Soft Judge of right or wrong, or blest or curst ;
 The happiest, saddest, holiest, or the worst.

And why ? because your failings ye suppress,
 And what ye dare to act, dare not confess ;
 Would you ye Fair as Man, your vices boast,
 And she be most admir'd, who sins the most ;

Would

" Alike in Ignorance, his reason such,
 " Whether he thinks too little or too much ;
 " Chaos of Thought and Passion ; all confus'd ;
 " Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd ;
 " Created half to rise, and half to fall,
 " Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
 " Solejudge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd ;
 " The glory, jest, and riddle of the World !
 Pope's Essay on Man.—

Would ye in open revel gaily spring,
 And o'er the wanton Banquet, vaunting sing;
 The doubtful Precedence, we then should own,
 And you be first in Errors mazes known.

But why to Vices of the boist'rous kind,
 Tye the soft Soul, and urge the gentle Mind?
 Forbid it Nature! to the Fair I speak,
 By her made strong, by Custom render'd weak;
 Whose passions trembling for unbounded sway,
 Will thank the Bard, who points the nearest way;
 All Vice through Folly's regions first should pass,
 And Folly holds her sceptre o'er the glass;
 Drink then ye Fair! and nature's laws fulfill,
 Be ev'ry thing at once, and all ye will;
 Put off the mask that hides the Sex's claim
 And makes Distinction, but an empty name.

Go, wond'rous Creature! where the potion glides,
 From Bowls unmeasur'd, in illumin'd tides;

Instruct

Line 17th. " Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides
 " Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;

Instruct

Instruct each other, in your due degrees,
 Correct old Rules, and be e'en what you please;
 Go drink ! for who shall jointed power contest ?
 Drink to the passable, the good, the best.
 And quitting Custom, and her idle plan,
 Call drowning reason, imitating Man ;
 Like lovers' brains, in giddy circles run,
 And all exhausting, imitate the Sun ;
 Go, and be Man, in noise and glorious strife,
 Then drop into his Arms and be a——Wife.

Ye

“ Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 “ Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun ;
 “ Go, soar, with Plato, to th' empyreal sphere,
 “ To the first Good, first Perfect, and first Fair ;
 “ Or tread the mazy round his foll'wers trod,
 “ And quitting sense call imitating God ;
 “ As eastern Priests in giddy circles run,
 “ And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
 “ Go, teach Eternal Wisdom, how to rule ;
 “ Then drop into thyself, and be a Fool.

Pope's Essay on Man.—

Ye Gods! what scenes upon my Fancy press,
The Consequence of unconfin'd excess;
When Vice in common has one general name,
And male and female Errors be the same;
For as the strength of Spirit none contest,
That daring Ill, shall introduce the rest;
Then what a field of glory will arise,
What dazzling scenes ye Fair before your eyes;
As female duels, Jockies——what besides?
Gamblers in petticoats, and booted brides,
The tender Billet to the gentle swain,
That boldly dares avouch the am'rous pain;
Soft Beaux intreated, gentle Coxcombs prest,
And Fops asham'd half blush to be addrest.
Thus to sweet Strephon, will his Chloris say,
One cup of Nectar, having pav'd the way;
“ Oh! why so dead to my imploring eyes,
“ Deaf to my prayer, and speechless to my sighs?
“ Sure never Nymph of old my darling Boy,
“ When Men intreated, and when we were coy;

K

“ Was

“ Was prest so warmly by a bleeding swain,
“ Or shot from killing eyes, such cold disdain. ”
And thus will run wild Flavia's Billetdoux,
The writing bold, and e'en the spelling true ;
“ No more my Belmour, shun these longing arms,
“ Thou quintessence of all thy Sex's charms ;
“ At ten—behind the elm, where echoes sigh,
“ Shall, taught be me, teach thee my swain to die ;
“ The conscious Moon shall fill her lucid horn,
“ And join thy Blush to mock the crimson morn ;
“ The limpid Stream shall softly move along,
“ And hear its own sweet warble from thy tongue ;
“ There come, dear boy or vainly flow the streams,
“ There come, or vainly sheds the moon her beams ;
“ Vainly on her my Moments I shall waste,
“ She who like thee is cold, and who like thee is chaste. ”
But then what tender Stripling shall escape ?
What blushing Boy avoid a Lady-Rape ?
Where shall each lisping creature hide his head,
To amazonian desires betray'd ?

Where

Where from the wily Heroine remove,
 Clad in the fortitude of Wine and Love ?
 Oh ! hapless Lad, what refuge canst thou find
 Too soft, too mild, too tender to be kind ?
 Yet this is no objection understood,
 " For partial Evil's universal Good. "

Nor think of Nature's state I make a jest,
 The state of Nature is a state undrest ;
 The love of Pleasure at our birth began,
 Pleasure the aim of all things, and of Man ;
 Law then was not, the swelling flame to kill,
 Man walk'd with beast, and—so he always will ;

And

" Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod ;
 " The state of Nature was the reign of God :
 " Self-love and social at her birth began,
 " Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
 " Pride then was not ; nor Arts, that Pride to aid ;
 " Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade ;

The

And Woman too, the same their board and bed,
 And would be now, but Folks are better bred ;
 In some convenient grot, or tufted wood,
 All human beings Nature's circuit trod ;
 The shrine was her's with no gay vesture laid,
 Unbrib'd, unmarried stood the willing maid ;
 Her attribute was universal Love,
 And man's prerogative to range and rove ;
 But how unlike, the Pairs of times to come,
 Wedded, yet seperate, abroad at home ;

Who

" The same his table, and the same his bed ;
 " No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
 " In the same temple, the resounding wood,
 " All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God ;
 " The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
 " Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :
 " Heav'n's attribute was universal care,
 " And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare.
 " Ah ! how unlike the man of times to come !
 " Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;

Who,

Who foes to Nature, and to evil prone,
 Despising all, but hating most their own.
 A wayward craving this Neglect succeeds,
 As every Monster, monst'rous children breeds,
 Strange motly passions from this vice began,
 And Man unnatural, turn'd to worship Man.

For this the Muse, now calls the Fair to rise,
 To shew our failings, and to make us wise ;
 Be now to Bacchus, now to Venus prone,
 And share each folly, Man has thought his own ;
 Shame him from Vice, by shewing him your shame,
 And part with your's, to reinstate his Fame ;

L

Be

" Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 " Murders their species, and betrays his own.
 " But just Disease to luxury succeeds,
 " And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds ;
 " The Fury-passions from that blood began,
 " And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.
 Pope's Essay on Man.—

Be generously vile, and this your view,
That Man may hate his errors seen in you.

Say, when the Coxcomb flatters and adores,
When (taking snuff) your pity he implores ;
With many a gentle Dem'ne swears to die,
And humbly begs Destruction from your eye ;
When your own arts he takes, and speaks in smiles,
With Softness woo's, and with a Voice beguiles ;
Does it not move your pity and disdain,
Such flow'ry passion, and such mincing pain ;
Your various Follies, you with anger scan,
So shewn by one whom Nature meant for Man.
E'en so do we our faults in you despise,
And Vice has double malice in those Eyes.
When Chloe toasts her Beau, or raves too loud,
When Flavia leaves her home, and joins a croud ;
When Silvia fearless rolls the roguish eye,
And Damon's want of confidence supply ;
When betts, and duns and every rougher name,
Sound in the ear of either Sex the same ;

How

How should we tell when thus you love and hate,
Who acts the Man, and who's effeminate

Drink then ! disclaim your Sex, be Man in all,
Shew us at once distinction ought to fall ;
And from the humble things ye were of old,
Be reeling Cæsars in a cyprian mould.

Better for us 'tis granted it might be,
Were you all Softness, and all Honour we ;
That never rougher Passion mov'd your mind,
That we were all or excellent or blind ;
But as we now subsist by passions strife,
Which are (POPE writes) the elements of life,
The general order since the whole began,
Should be dissolv'd, and Manners make the Man.

Nor

Line 7th. " Better for us, I grant it might appear,
" Were there all Harmony, all Virtue here ;
" That never air or ocean felt the wind,
" That never passion discompos'd the mind ;
" But all subsists by elemental strife ;
" And passions are the elements of life ;
" The general Order, since the whole began
" Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

Nor fear if once ye break through general Laws
 To draw in thousands, and gain our applause ;
 Nor fear but Fame your merits shall make known,
 And female Bravos, trample Hectors down ;
 From Man himself, you'll learn the art he boasts,
 Rule in his room, and govern in his posts.

Thus does the Muse in vein didactic speak——
 “ Go, from proud Man, thy full instructions take ;
 “ Learn from the Law, what gain its mazes yield ;
 “ Learn of the Brave, the police of the field ;
 “ Thy arts of shuffling from the Courtier get ;
 “ Learn of his Grace to stare away a debt ;

“ Learn

Line 7th “ Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake——
 “ Go, from the creatures thy instructions take :
 “ Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
 “ Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;
 “ Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
 “ Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;

Learn

- " Learn from the Sot, his poison to caress,
 " Shake the mad room, and revel in excess ;
 " From Man all forms of grand deception find ;
 " And so be tempted to delude Mankind ;
 " Here frantic schemes of wild Ambition see ;
 " There all the plots, my Fair ! he lays for thee ;
 " Learn each small People's genius, humours, aims ;
 " The Jocky's dealing, and Newmarket games ;
 " How there in common wealth in currents go ;
 " And poverty and riches ebb and flow ;

M

" And

- " Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
 " Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
 " Here too all forms of social union find,
 " And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind :
 " Here subterranean works and cities see ;
 " There towns aerial on the waving tree.
 " Learn each small people's genius, policies,
 " The ant's republic, and the realm of bees ;
 " How those in common all their wealth bestow,
 " And anarchy without confusion know ;

" And

“ And these for ever, though a Saint deny’d,
 “ To splendour or contempt their Masters guide ;
 “ Mark the nice rules of modern honour well,
 “ Rules which the laws of Nature far excell ;
 “ In vain thy fancy finer whims shall draw,
 “ Good-breeding is as difficult as Law ;
 “ And form’d so complex, makes itself a science ;
 “ To bid the Scholar, and the Clown defiance.
 “ Go then, and thus thy present Lords survey,
 “ And let the Creatures feel they must obey ;

“ Learn

“ And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
 “ Their separate cells and properties maintain.
 “ Mark what unvary’d laws preserv’d each state,
 “ Laws wise as nature, and as fix’d as Fate.
 “ In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
 “ Intangle Justice in her net of law,
 “ And right, too rigid, harden into wrong ;
 “ Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 “ Yet go ! and thus o’er all the creatures sway,
 “ Thus let the wiser make the rest obey ;

“ And

“ Learn all their Arts, be these thy choicest hoard,

“ Be fear'd for these, and be for these ador'd. ”

And where are these ? within the Bowl they lie,
 Thence spring ambitious thoughts, there doubtings die ;
 From thence we trace the horrors of a War ;
 Chaotic counsel, ministerial jar ;
 This makes a gambling Lord, a Patriot vain,
 The Soldier's fury, and the Lover's pain ;
 Fills Bedlam's wards with souls of ærial mould ;
 This makes the Madman, this supplies the Scold ;
 Here rules the one grand Passion in extreme,
 A love of lucre, or a love of fame ;
 The Scholar's boast, the Politician's plan,
 Here shines the Bubble, and here falls the Man.

Oh ! happy fall, of insolence and pride,
 Which makes the humblest, with the great allied ;

Which

“ And for those arts mere Instinct could afford,

“ Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd. ”

Pope's Essay on Man.—

Which levels like the Grave all earthly things,
For drunken Coblers are as proud as Kings ;
Which plucks the sons of grandeur from their sphere,
For who is lower than a stagging Peer ?
Yet here ye Fair tho' ev'ry Soul's the same,
And Prince and Pedlar, differ but in name ;
Folly with Fashion is discreetly grac'd,
And if all sin, not all can sin in taste ;
For who ye Gods ! would ever go astray,
If 'twas not something in a modish way ?

Oh ! Fashion, caprice, pride, whate'er we call,
Thou something, nothing dear attractive all ;
Thou serious trifle of the gentle Soul,
Worship'd yet changing, varying to controul ;
Sweet Child of wanton fancy, artful whim,
Bred in an instant, born in an Extreme ;
Folly's best friend, and luxury's ally,
Who dying always, prov'st thou canst not die ;
Attend us here ; let us grow mad in Form,
Rage with an Air, and elegantly storm ;

Invoke

Invoke destruction, with a Grace divine ;
 And call for Satan, as a child of thine ;
 Genteely stagger, from the common road ;
 And ape the brute, but ape him in the mode ;
 With a Court-grace make every action known,
 For who'd be d——n'd for sins, they blush to own ?

Far as the power of human vice extends,
 Her scale of sensual vanity ascends ;
 Mark how it rises to the gilded Throne,
 From the poor wretch, who dully topes alone ;
 What modes of folly, each in one extreme,
 The sots dim sense, th' Epicurean's dream ;

N

Of

Line 7th " Far as Creation's ample range extends,
 " The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends ;
 " Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
 " From the green myriads in the peopled grass ;
 " What modes of sight, betwixt each wide extreme,
 " The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam :

Of

Of scent, what diff'rence 'twixt the pungent rum,
 And noxious vapours of fermenting stum;
 Of hearing, to Champain's decanted swell,
 From the dull gurgle of expiring ale?
 The touch, how distant in the mean and great,
 Who feel all roughness, or who feed from plate;
 In the nice Lord, behold what arts produce,
 From vases carv'd is quaff'd the balmy juice;
 How palates vary in the poor Divine,
 Compar'd half-reasoning Nobleman! with thine.

Thus

" Of smell the head-long lions between,
 " And hound sagacious on the tainted green.
 " Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 " To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood,
 " The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine?
 " Feels at each thread, and lives along the line;
 " In the nice bee what art so subtly true,
 " From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew:
 " How Instinct varies in the grov'ling swine
 " Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine.
 Pope's Essay on Man.—

Thus every sense is fill'd in due degree,
And proper barriers bound his Grace and me ;
Here every Passion is at length display'd,
Nations are ruin'd, Ministers betray'd ;
And what ye Fair, concerns your pleasures most,
Intrigues are plan'd, and Reputations lost :
By you persuaded, Man was overcome,
And conquer'd once, received a general doom ;
Requite the deed, partake a general Curse ;
We fell with you, and you should fall with us.

F I N I S.



1944

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